

Little Red

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Summary: Dallas McCall is the twin sister of Scott McCall. You can say she is kind of popular at Beacon Hills High. Her life drastically changes when Scott gets bitten by a werewolf and is pulled into the supernatural world. Life for Dallas gets even more complicated when she finds herself falling for the mysterious Derek Hale.

Little Red

****OUTFITS ARE ON POLYVORE****

****I ONLY OWN DALLAS MCCALL****

*** * ***

><p>After numerous texts from my best friend, Lydia Martin about what to wear on the first day back at school, I was literally seconds away from falling asleep when I heard something out of my room. I have got out of my room where I ran into my brother, Scott. "Did you hear that?" Scott asked and I nodded. We went out to the porch and Scott looked over and mine and Scott's best friend, Stiles Stilinski came out of nowhere. Both Scott and Stiles were screaming. "Stiles, what the hell are you doing?!" I yelled. "Neither of you were answering your phones." Stiles said to me as he turned to Scott. "Why do you have a bat?" Stiles asked Scott. "I thought you were a predator." Scott said in defense. "A pred-. Look, I know it's late, but you two have got to hear this. My dad left 20 minutes ago. Dispatch call. They're bringing in every officer from the Beacon department, even State police. "For what?" I asked. "Two joggers found a body in the woods." Stiles said as he came down from the bushes above. Wait a minute, a body in the woods?<p>

"A dead body?" Scott asked. No shit, really? "No, a body of water. Yes, dumbass. A dead body." Stiles said, using is sarcasm that he is famous for as he came up onto our porch. "You mean, like murder?" I

asked. "Nobody knows yet. All I know is that it was a girl, probably in her 20s." Stiles said. "Wait a minute, Stiles. If they found the body, then what the hell are they looking for?" I asked. "That's the best part, Dallas. They only found half." Stiles said. Scott and I looked at each other before turning back to Stiles. "We're going." Stiles said. When Stiles said that, I knew that my life was going to change forever.

Now, Scott, Stiles and I were now in Stiles's jeep and we have pulled up to the woods. Because I was only wearing black sweatpants with a white tank top, I had put on a Batman sweatshirt and white flip flops. Stiles was obviously pleased with my sweatshirt because come on, it's Batman. You gotta love him. "Are we seriously doing this?" I asked. "Dallas is right. I'm having a bad feeling about this." Scott said. "You two are the ones bitching how nothing happens in this town." Stiles said. "I was trying to get a good night's sleep before practice tomorrow." Scott said. "You know Lydia is gonna murder me if I don't look good tomorrow." I said. "Yeah, because sitting on the bench is such a grueling effort." Stiles said to Scott and when he turned to me and tried to speak up, I interrupted you. "For the millionth time, I'm not gonna ask Lydia if she'll go out with you." I said, exasperatedly.

Stiles has this ****huge**** crush on Lydia ever since 3rd grade. And never once did Lydia pay attention to him. And besides, she's already going out with my close friend and ex-boyfriend, Jackson Whittemore. "And, no because I'm playing this year. In fact, I'm making first line." Scott said, confidently. "Hey, that's the spirit. Everyone should have a dream, even a pathetically, unrealistic one." Stiles said. "Out of curiosity, Stiles, but which half of the body are we looking for?" I asked. "Huh, I didn't even think about that." Stiles said. "And, whoever killed the body is still out here?" Scott asked. "Also something I didn't think about." Stiles said as we started to climb up a hill. "It's very comforting for your attention to detail." I said as I was climbing up a hill. "Maybe the severe asthmatic should be the one holding the flashlight." Scott said as he got out his inhaler before using it. I put my hand on my twin's back to see if he's okay. "I'm fine, Dallas." Scott reassured.

Stiles has now spotted the police so we had hid under a little hill to see what was going on then all of the sudden, Stiles was off. Scott and I were running after Stiles and when Stiles was caught by the police dogs, Scott and I were hiding behind a tree. "Hang on, this delinquent belongs to me." I heard Sheriff Stilinski say. Yep, you heard it. The Sheriff is Stiles's dad. "Dad, how you doing?" Stiles asked, sheepishly.

"So, do you listen on all of my phone calls?" Sheriff Stilinski asked. "No...Not the boring ones." Stiles said. "Where are your usual partners in crime?" Sheriff Stilinski asked, briefly mentioning Scott and I. "Who? Scott and Dallas? They're home. They told me that they wanted a good night's sleep for school tomorrow. It's just me...in the woods...alone." Stiles said, sheepishly. "Scott, you out there?!" The Sheriff called out, pointing his flashlight in our direction. Scott and I were trying our best to hide. "Dallas?!" The sheriff called out again, but this time, he yelled out my name. "Well, young man, I'm gonna walk you back to your car and you and I are gonna have a conversation on something called invasion of privacy." The Sheriff said as he grabbed Stiles by the neck and dragged him out of the woods. Well, there goes my ride.

Scott and I began our way to try to trek out of the woods. As we stopped because of some suspicious feelings, a bunch of deers came out of nowhere and as we made impact with the ground, Scott had dropped his inhaler in the process. The deers have gone away from us. "You okay?" Scott asked as he helped me up. "Yeah, I'm fine." I said as well as releasing a breath that I was holding in. Scott was now using his phone to find his inhaler that he had dropped. Then Scott's phone flashed over to the one half of the dead body. It shocked Scott and I so much that we had now stumbled down the hill. But, what I didn't realize is that I had knocked my head on a rock and a pair of black boots was the last thing I saw before I was unconscious.

I then woke up and I could feel a little bump on my head. I turned on my phone to see what the time is and HOLY SHIT! JACKSON'S GONNA PICK ME UP IN LESS THAN 10 MINUTES! I quickly got on a pink lace peplum top, black skinny jeans, pink flats and a black multi wrap bracelet. I quickly got on my makeup and I was surprised that I didn't mess up one bit. I heard a car horn beep. That's probably Jackson. I grabbed my black and white splashed TARDIS messenger bag and I had walked out of my house to see Jackson's Porsche on the driveway. I had opened the door and got into the Porsche and Jackson drove off to school.

"Wait, let me get this straight, that idiot had came out of nowhere and dragged you and your brother out to the woods to go see a dead body?" Jackson asked for clarification for what it seemed like the millionth time. "Yes, Jackson." I said, putting a hand on my forehead. "Why the hell do you hang out with those two anyway?" Jackson asked. Sure, Jackson can be an asshole at times but he is like a brother to me. Back in 8th grade, we were dating but a month or two into our Freshman Year, we thought it was awkward now, so we broke up and remained friends. 2 weeks after we broke up, he got together with Lydia and I was really happy for them. But, back in reality. "Jackson, don't start." I said, lowly. "I'm serious, Dallas. I don't know why you hang out with those two." Jackson said as he pulled into the park space that was near the bike rack, where Scott was at. "It'll remain a mystery to you, Jax." I said. I had got out of the Porsche but when Jackson came out, he had hit Scott with the car door. "Dude, watch the paint job." Jackson snarled, giving Scott a dirty look. "Yo, Jackson! Let's go, bro!" I heard one of the players on the lacrosse team yell out. Jackson is also the captain of the lacrosse team. Jackson turned to me. "See you later, Dallas." Jackson said as he walked away towards the lacrosse team, still glaring at Scott. My brother has now turned to me. "Why the fuck do you hang out with that guy?" Scott said. Basically, before my dad left my mom, my brother and I, I was really shy and antisocial. But when my dad left, I guess you can say that I became more feisty and more confident.

We were over near the stairs of the entrance of the school when Stiles came up to us. "Okay, let's see this thing." Stiles said. My brother said that he was bit by some animal, but he didn't tell me what animal it was and where it had bit him. Scott lifted up his shirt to see some gauze on his hip. Scott also told me that it wasn't my mom who had fixed him up because he said that it was there when he woke up. "I didn't see much but I'm pretty sure it was a wolf." Scott said. "A wolf bit you?" Stiles asked. "Yeah." Scott said. "No, not a chance." Stiles said. "I heard a wolf howling." Scott said. "No, you didn't." Stiles said. "What do you mean _no, you didn't_? I know what

I heard." Scott protested. "Stiles is right. There hasn't been any wolves in California in like over 60 years." I said. Scott sighed at me as he turned to me. "Look, if you're not gonna believe him in the wolves, then you're not gonna believe me on the fact that we might have found the body." I said. "Are you two kidding me?" Stiles asked, now getting very giddy and very excited. "I wish. Now, I'm gonna have nightmares for a month." Scott said. "That is frickin' awesome. That's gonna be the best thing that happened in this town, since...since the birth of Lydia Martin. Hey Lydia, you lookâ€¦!" Stiles began as Lydia ignored him. Lydia gave me a smile as she left to go into the school. "...like you're gonna ignore me." Stiles finished as he turned back to Scott. "You're the cause of this, you know." Stiles said. "Yeahâ€¦!" Scott droned, sarcastically. "Dragging me down to your nerd depthsâ€¦!" Stiles continued to say even when the bell rang. "I'm a nerd by association. I've been scarlet nerded by you." Stiles continued to say as we walked up the stairs towards the school.

"As you all know, there indeed was a body found in the woods last night." My English teacher said. Scott and I turned to Stiles, who winked at us. "And, I'm sure your eager little minds are coming up with various mcab scenarios as to what happened. But, I am here to tell you that the police have a suspect in custody, which means you can give your undivided attention to the syllabus, which is on your desk, outlining the semester." My English teacher continued to drone on. While reading our syllabus, I had almost fallen asleep until I heard someone come into the classroom. The principal was here with a really pretty brunette. "Class, this is our new student, Allison Argent. Please do your best to make her feel welcome." The principal said before he left the classroom. The brunette, Allison, went over to the seat that was behind Scott. Scott went into his backpack and gave Allison a pen. Ooh, Scottie Boy's having a crush! "We'll begin with Kafka's Metamorphosis on page 183." Our teacher said.

English went by quick. I was packing up and then I heard something. "Excuse me." I heard and I turned around and saw Allison. "Do you think you can help me where my locker is?" Allison asked. "Sure, no problem. Name's Dallas, by the way." I said. "Allison, but I'm guessing you know that." Allison said, timidly. As I was showing Allison where her locker is, we had exchanged some small talk and she seems really down to earth. We had got to Allison's locker, which is next to mine. She was smiling at my brother and then Lydia came up to us. "That jacket is absolutely killer. Where'd you get it?" Lydia asked. "My mom was a buyer from a boutique back in San Francisco." Allison said. "And, you are my new best friend." Lydia said. "Hey!" I said, jokingly. "You're also my best friend as well." Lydia protested. Then Jackson came up behind Lydia and they kissed. Allison looked at me, awkwardly. "Does that happen often?" Allison asked. "Oh, yes." I replied.

Lydia and Jackson stopped making out in front of us and Lydia leaned on Jackson. "So, this weekend, there's a party." Lydia began to explain. "A party?" Allison asked for clarification. "Yeah, on Friday night. You should come." Jackson said, trying to persuade Allison into coming to the party over at Lydia's house. "I can't. It's Family Night this Friday. But, thanks for asking." Allison said, refusing, politely. "You sure? Everyone is going after the scrimmage." I said. "You mean like football?" Allison asked. "Football's a joke. The sport here is Lacrosse. We won State champion for the past three years." Jackson said, cockily. "Thanks to a certain team captain."

Lydia praised. "We have practice in a few minutes. That is if you don't have anywhere else to go." Jackson said. Allison was about to speak up but Lydia cuts her off. "Perfect, you're coming." Lydia said as she pulled Allison along and as we were going to the Lacrosse field.

"I hope you would hook up with someone at that party." Lydia said as we were walking to the field. Jackson had just left so he could get prepared for tryouts. "Lydia, you know I don't like most of the guys here." I said. "C'mon, Dallas!" Lydia said, pouting. "Besides, I'm into the bad boys. You know, the ones that wear leather jackets, drives a very sexy car, Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome, mysterious, you see where I'm going with this?" I asked. Lydia just huffed out. "I can imagine you with a guy like that." Allison said. "See, she gets me." I said. I have a feeling that Allison and I are going to be great friends sometime soon.

Allison, Lydia and I made it to the bleachers as I saw Coach Finstock throw goalie gear over to Scott. "Who is that?" Allison asked, gesturing over to Scott. "Him? I'm not sure who he is." Lydia said. "Lydia." I hissed at her before I turned to Allison. "That's Scott, my brother. Why'd you want to know?" I asked. "Yeah, why?" Lydia asked. "He's in our English class." Allison said. The whistle blew but Scott was clenching his head as if it were too loud like the loud music at a nightclub. The first person threw the ball but it hits Scott in the face. I winced as the team and Finstock were laughing. Scott had stood back up. "Come on." I muttered as one of the players had thrown the ballâ€¦

And Scott caught it!

One by one, the players were throwing the ball and Scott had caught it. "He seems like he's pretty good." Allison said. "Yeah, _very_ good." Lydia said. Then Jackson came up. Jackson had thrown the ballâ€¦

And Scott caught it!

Stiles had stood up and cheered and so have Lydia and I. Jackson had given Lydia a look. Lydia gave Jackson a little glare before turning her attention back to Scott. Scott threw the ball back at the ref and the team cheered.

Scott, Stiles and I were now back in the woods to a.) find Scott's inhaler and b.) find the body that Scott and I saw last night. "I don't know what it was. It's like I had all the time in the world to catch the ball." Scott began to explain as we were trekking the woods. "And, that's not the only weird thing. I hear stuff I shouldn't be able to hear, smell thingsâ€¦" Scott began to explain. "Smell things? Like what?" I asked. "Like Mint Mojito gum in Stiles's pocket." Scott replied. "I don't have Mint Mojitoâ€¦" Stiles started as he was going through his pockets and foundâ€¦

Mint Mojito gum in his pocket.

"So, all of this started with a bite?" Stiles asked. "What if it's like an infection? Like my body's flooding with adrenaline or shock or something?" Scott asked. "You know what, I've actually heard something. It's a specific kind of infection." Stiles started. "Are you serious?" Scott asked as he stopped trekking through the woods.

"Yeah, I think it's called lycanthropy." Stiles said.

Werewolves?

Really Stiles?

"What is that? Is that bad?" Scott asked. I mentally facepalmed. "Oh, yeah. It's the worse. But only once a month." Stiles said. I was biting my lip so hard so I wouldn't laugh out loud, obnoxiously. "Once a month?" Scott asked. "Mhm. On the night of the full moon." Stiles said as he mimicked a wolf howl. Scott pushed him, playfully. "Scott, you were the one that heard a wolf howling." I said. "There could be something seriously wrong with me." Scott said. "I know, you're a werewolf!" Stiles exclaimed, excitedly as he mimicked a growl. "Okay, obviously I'm kidding. But, if you see me in shop class, trying to melt all the silver I could find it's because Friday's a full moon." Stiles said. Then we stopped.

I swear this was the place.

When the deer came inâ€|

When we saw half of the bodyâ€|

When Scott dropped his inhaler.

"I could've sworn this was it. I saw the body, the deer came running, I dropped my inhaler." Scott said as he went to the ground, trying to find his inhaler. "Maybe the killer moved the body." Stiles said. "Well, I hope the killer has Scott's inhaler. Those things are like \$80." I said as I was helping Scott trying to find his inhaler. As Scott and I were looking, Stiles had tapped our backs. Scott and I have turned around and I saw a man. All I could say wasâ€|

****DAMN, HE'S FUCKING SEXY!****

He is exactly what I want in a guy. He seemed like the definition of Tall, Dark and Handsome. He wears a leather jacket that could be recognizable. Have I died and gone straight up to heaven?

The very sexy man began to come towards us. "What are you doing here? Huh?" The man said as he stopped in front of us. "This is private property." He said. "Uh, sorry, man. We didn't know." Stiles said. "We were just looking for something butâ€|" Scott began to explain as the man had raised his eyebrows. "Forget it." Scott finished. "Uh, yeah. Hell no." I said to Scott before turning to Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome. "Have you seen an inhaler anywhere around here?" I asked him. The man had thrown Scott's inhaler to him as he turned around to walk away from us.

"Damn." I whispered. Scott and Stiles were giving me incredulous looks. "What? Is it illegal to check out that sexy guy?" I asked. Scott just shook his head as Stiles's jaw was dropped. "C'mon, we have to get to work." Scott said. Scott and I work at the animal clinic at Beacon Hills. We wanted a part-time job because we wanted to help out our mom with taxes and things like that, so Deaton, our boss, had a good deal and had let us work there. "Guys, that was Derek Hale." Stiles started. "That was Derek Hale? He's even more sexier in person." I said. Stiles had rolled his eyes. "You two

remember right? He's only a few years older than us." Stiles said. I think I know where Stiles is going with this.

The infamous Hale fire.

There had been a fire at his house and Derek was one of the survivors of it.

"Remember what?" Scott asked. "His family. They all burned to death 6 years ago." I said. I wonder what he's going back." Scott said, wondering about it. Stiles scoffed. "C'mon." he said and Scott and I followed him out of the woods.

"Alright, I'm done with my shift." I said as I handed my mom's car keys to him. "You can have the car. I'm just gonna walk home." I said. "Be careful!" Scott called out as I walked out of the animal clinic. I was walking home and I couldn't stop thinking about the guy we saw in the woods, Derek Hale. From a distance, I saw a black Camaro coming my way. I got a bit worried but when it pulled up to me, it revealed Mr. Tall, Dark and Handsome himself, Derek Hale.

"You need a ride?" Derek asked. I bit my lip in nervousness. "I-I don't know." I said, stuttering from the cold rain. "C'mon. It's freezing out there." Derek said.

You know when your dad says not to ride in cars with strangers?

Screw it! My dad left us so I don't really care about him anymore!

I have gotten into Derek's surprisingly warm Camaro. Derek had took off his leather jacket and handed off to me. "Here. You needed it more than I do." Derek said as he started to drive. I have given him my address before he started to drive. "Again, I'm sorry for us being on your property." I said, trying to break up the silence. "Yeah, it's fine." Derek said. The ride was quick because we made it back to my house.

"Well, this is me." I muttered as I gave him back his jacket, but before I left, I turned to Derek. "Can I ask you something? Why are you being nice to me?" I asked. "Because you're special." Derek said. I could feel my cheeks heat up. "Hope to see you soon." I said as I left. Well, that was fangirl inducing and awkward.

"Wait, your brother sleep swam in your neighbor's pool?" Jackson asked as he was driving. "That's what the neighbor told my mom." I replied. "Can I ask you something, Dallas?" Jackson asked. I nodded, encouraging Jackson to go on. "How did your brother be good at lacrosse over one night?" Jackson asked. "I don't know." I said. "Do you think he's taking any drugs?" Jackson asked. I now have a worried look. "Hey, you okay?" Jackson asked, putting a hand on my shoulder as he pulled into his parking space. "I-I don't kn-know. I hope not. I just don't understand how he got good overnightâ€¦" I started, beginning to freak out. "Look, Dallas, I'll talk to him to see if he's doing any drugs." Jackson reassured. "And by talk you mean confront?" I asked. "Most likely." He said as we got out of his Porsche and we walked up to enter school.

I had gone up the bleachers and I heard someone. "Dallas!" I heard

someone. I could instantly tell that it was Stiles. "Can I talk to you?" Stiles asked. I just gone down the bleachers and Stiles took me somewhere that barely anyone could hear us. "I overheard my dad on the phone" Stiles started. "Again? I thought he gave you that talk of invasion of privacy?" I asked. "Not helping." Stiles said and I just sighed. "So, the analysis came back and they found animal hairs on the body." Stiles said. "What animal was it?" I asked. "It was...a wolf." Stiles replied, hesitantly. "So Scott was telling the truth on wolves being in California." I muttered. Then Coach Finstock blew his whistle. "I gotta go." Stiles said as he ran out to the field. I went up the bleachers and sat down next to Allison. Coach was giving his pep talk to the lacrosse team and Scott was kicking ass on the field. When Scott made the goal, I cheered with the crowd. "McCall! Get over here!" Coach exclaimed. "What in God's name is that? This is the lacrosse field, what are you, trying out for the gymnastics team?" Coach asked. "No Coach." Scott replied. "What the hell was that?" He asked. "I don't know. I was trying to make the shot." Scott said. "Yeah, you made the shot and guess what? You're starting, buddy. You made first line." Coach said. I had cheered for Scott with the rest of the people on the bleachers but I can tell that something was not right.

Stiles has invited me to his house and we've been doing a shit ton of research on lycanthropy. I can't believe that there might be a possibility of my brother being a werewolf. A knock was on the door and when Stiles answered it, it was Scott. "Get in. You've gotta see this." Stiles said as Scott went in his room. "Dallas and I have been up all night. We've been reading websites, books, everything." Stiles started to say. Scott looked at me. "How much adderall did he take?" He asked me. "A lot." I answered. "That doesn't matter, just listen." Stiles said, grabbing some research off of the desk. "Is this about the body? Did they found out who did it?" Scott asked, sitting on his bed. "No, they're still questioning people. Even Derek Hale." Stiles said. "Oh, the guy in the woods that we saw the other day." Scott said. "Yes, but that's not it." Stiles said. "What then?" Scott asked. "Remember the joke the other day? Not a joke anymore." Stiles said. Scott looks confused.

"The wolf. The bite in the woods. Dallas and I started doing all of this reading. Do you even know why a wolf howls?" Stiles asked, worriedly. "Should I?" Scott asked. "Apparently, it's a signal. When a wolf's alone, they howl to signal their location to the rest of their pack." I said. "So, if you heard a wolf howling, it could've been near by, maybe even a whole pack of them." Stiles continued. "A whole pack of wolves?" Scott asked. "No. Werewolves." Stiles said in all seriousness. "Are you two seriously wasting my time with this? You two know I'm picking up Allison in an hour." Scott said. "Stiles and I saw you on the field today, Scott. What you did wasn't just amazing, it was impossible." I said. Scott said. "So, I made a shot." Scott added, muttering.

"No, you made an incredible shot. Your speed, your reflexes. People can't suddenly do that overnight. And there's the vision and the senses and don't think I haven't noticed that you need your inhaler anymore." Stiles said. "Okay, dude. I can't think about this now. We'll talk tomorrow." Scott said. "Tomorrow?! What? No! The full moon's tonight, get it?" Stiles asked. "What're you trying to do? I just made first line, I got a date with a girl who I can't believe wants to go out with me, everything in my life is somehow perfect. Why are you trying to ruin it?" Scott asked. "We're not ruining your

life. We're trying to help you." I said.

"Dallas is right. You're cursed, Scott. It's not just the moon that will cause you to physically change. It just so happens when your bloodlust will be at it's peak." Stiles said. "Bloodlust?" Scott asked. "Your urge to kill." I muttered. "I'm already starting an urge to kill, Stiles." Scott said irritably. "You gotta hear this." Stiles said as he opens up a book. He said something about the change through anger or anything that reaches your pulse. "I haven't seen anything raise your pulse as Allison does. You gotta cancel this date." Stiles said, making a beeline towards his phone. "What are you doing?" Scott asked. "I'm canceling this date." Stiles said. "No! Give it to me!" Scott yelled at he pinned Stiles to the wall and balled up his fist, getting ready to punch him. "Scott, don't!" I yelled. He just knocked over Stiles's desk chair over. "I'm sorry. I gotta go get ready for that party." Scott said as he left but not before he apologized to Stiles again.

"Stiles! Look at this!" I exclaimed. He came over by me and had noticed the three claw marks on the back of the chair. "I'm having a bad feeling about this." Stiles said. Oh, you have no idea.

Scott and I were getting ready for the party. I got on a dark red crop top, a black tied over plaid checkered shirt around the waist skirt leggings, dark red ankle boots and a black cross bracelet. "Mom!" Scott exclaimed. "Is this a party or a date?" My mom asked. "Party for me." I replied. "Maybe both." Scott said, sheepishly. "And her name is?" My mom asked. "Allison." Scott said, timidly. "Allison, nice." My mom said as she gave the keys to Scott. "Thank you." Scott said as he gets the keys. "We don't need to have a talk, do we?" My mom asked. "Mom, I'm not having the safe sex talk with you." Scott said and I was just trying to hold back my laughter but I can't so it is now in little giggles. "Oh, my God! I meant about keeping the tank full. Give me those back." My mom said as she grabs the keys from Scott. "And because of that, your sister is driving." My mom said as she threw me the keys. "Thanks, mom but Stiles is picking me up." I said. "Are you serious?" Scott groaned at my mom. "You bet your ass, I'm serious! I'm not gonna end up on some reality television show with some pregnant 16 year old!" My mom exclaimed then I heard a car horn blare out. "Well, that's Stiles." I said as I gave the keys to Scott and went out of the door and into Stiles's jeep and we were off to the party.

We arrived at the party and when Stiles and I went our separate ways, I have found Lydia. She squealed as she hugged me. "Did I mention how much I love those dark colors on you?" Lydia asked. "For the millionth time, Lydia." I said. "I'm serious. I love the edgy thing that you have going on." Lydia said. I could feel someone staring at me and I turned around and it wasâ€¦

You guessed itâ€¦

Derek Hale.

I was staring at him while blushing really hard because he was staring at me. Lydia notices this and her jaw drops when she saw Derek. "Holy fuck, who is that?" Lydia said. I gave Lydia a look. "Don't you have Jackson?" I asked. "Is it illegal to look?" Lydia asked. I just laughed at that.

I was dancing with a group of friends as Scott was dancing with Allison and as Jackson and Lydia were somewhere making out. I had noticed Scott leaving and Allison following him. I have decided to follow Scott to see what was going on, but it was too late because Scott was already driving down the road. "Why would he ditch me like that?" Allison said. "I'm pretty sure he had a good reason. I could tell that he wouldn't do that to you." I said. "I guess you're right. He did look a little pale." Allison said. "Allison." I heard a familiar voice we turned to see Derek.

"I'm a friend of Scott's and Dallas's." Derek said. Dude, we hardly even know you! But I would like to know you! Allison looked at me for clarification and I just nodded at what Derek just said. "Who is he?" Allison asked me. "His name is Derek. He can give us a ride home." I said. Allison looks uneasy but she went along with it. Allison got dropped off first and as we were leaving Allison's house, I spoke up. "What the hell is going on with Scott?" I asked. "Look, something is happening to him that only he can explain to you." Derek said. We had pulled up to my house and I started getting worried for Scott. "Look, Scott's gonna be fine." Derek reassured me. "I-I gotta go. But please make sure he's not in any danger." I said as I got out of the Camaro and walked up to my house.

I know in my gut feeling that something was about to go down.

* * *

><p>3rd POV:

After Scott heard that Allison and Dallas were getting rides from Derek Hale, he ****has**** to make sure that his sister and the girl that he really likes are not in any danger. Scott had spotted Derek's car and he knows that he's in the woods.

As he was running through the woods, he has found Allison's jacket along with Dallas's bracelet on a branch. "Where are they?" Scott asked. Then someone replied to him and it was the last person Scott would expect.

"_They're safe. From you._"

* * *

><p>Dallas's POV:

I was in the back seat of Stiles's jeep because Scott needed a ride home. As Stiles was driving, Scott spoke up. "You know what actually worries me the most?" Scott asked. "If you say Allison, I'm gonna punch you in the head." Stiles said. "She probably hates me now." Scott groaned out. "Scott, I highly doubt that." I said. "But, you might wanna come up with a pretty amazing apology. Or you know just tell her the truth and revel in the awesomeness of the fact that you're a freaking werewolf." Stiles said as Scott just gives him a dirty look. "Okay, bad idea." Stiles said. "Hey, we'll get through this. C'mon, if I have to, I'll chain myself up on full moon nights and feed live mice. I had a boa once. I could do it." Stiles said. Scott just scoffed while I chuckled a bit.

This is gonna be one strange year.

End
file.